

JONATHAN.

I sing the Yankee, latest human growth.
A hero seldom stupid, slow, or flat,
But often over-sharp, or fast, or both—
A self-willed, many-titled democrat.

Squire in New York and captain in the West;
A judge on California's golden strand;
In the sunny South a colonel, at the least;
But deacon in the true old Yankee land.

A rapid traveler to walk with,
Alike through thorns and flowers bound to get on;
Easy to trade, or smoke, or drink, or talk with,
But very hard for any one to sit on.

Who storms a battery like an old crusader;
Gives freedom to a race some careless minute;
But would buy Satan's homestead, as a trader,
And ardently aver: "There's millions in it."

To whom equality's a precious gem,
Though sometimes he may kick Chinese or dorkies,
And in his secret bosom doth condemn
All foreigners—below the rank of marquis.

In Maine who ranks in Calvin's fire-proof class;
In Kansas worships God with strapped revolver;
Blythe dances, in New Orleans after mass;
In Brooklyn sobs—a tear-o'erflowed dissolver.

Who thinks a school-house is a sacred place,
And education cures all moral phisies;
But looks askance on high scholastic grace,
On Greek and Latin, French, and metaphysics.

Heedless what charm on painted canvas glows;
Indifferent oft to strophe and to stanza;
But listening with loving ears to blaw;
The western wind from newly-found bonanza.

Yet who, though willing after gold to dash
Through sea and fire, and gloomy ore-lined cavern,
Not often boards his hardly-gathered cash—
But nobly builds a fourteen-story tavern.

Such is the subject of these brief remarks;
A lawless, pious, free-souled money-maker;
Who his cigar would light at Pluto's sparks,
And then try buying Heaven by the acre.

—The Globe.

A BEWILDERED TOURIST.

To the right of the stage road leading from
Glenbrook to Carson, at a point on the old over-
land route in the valley, are the ruins of a mill,
including two boilers, which lie side by side.
Last summer as the veracious Henry Monk was
tooling his four-in-hand with a full load of tour-
ists past the old mill, a venerable English gentle-
man, who sat by his side on the box, inquired:
"Aw, Mr. Monk—they said your name was
Monk, I believe?"
"Yaas," drawled Hank.
"And you once drove Horace Greeley?"
"They say so, but I never believed that ere
yarn."
"What is that object in the valley that looks
like an enormous opera-glass?" continued the
inquisitive tourist, who was a baron in his own
country, and likewise here—of ideas.
"Them is an op'ry-glass," replied the Mun-
chausen of Tahoe, "and the finest glasses you
ever see. They're out of repair now; but I've
known the time when you could look through
'em at Saint's Rest and see Elliott and his Chin-
amen piling lumber in the Carson yard."
"Bless my soul! Is it possible?"
"Yaas," resumed Hank—"steady there, Doc;
you Frank, git," as he touched up the leaders.
"That was a powerful fine invention of Rigby's—
same principal as an op'ry-glass with a reflecting
mirror. Them things you saw were the tubes.
They were mounted on stilts just below the
Saints'. Old Baxter used to keep the hotel, and
you bet the Pilgrim's Progress was slow after
sampling his refreshments."
"Wonderful," said the Englishman. "This is
a great country. I am rather inquisitive about
these things, and have a curiosity to see the fa-
mous crooked railroad."
"We'll soon be there," said Hank, "and I'll
introduce you to a conductor who likes nothin'
better than answerin' questions."
"Aw, guard, they tell me this is a very crooked
road," said the tourist when he boarded the local
for Virginia.
"Well, rather," was the reply. "There are sev-
eral places between here and Virginia where a
passenger can hand a cigar to the engineer."
"By Jove, that's astonishing. I must watch
out for those curves, you know."
He watched, and, though snaked around pretty
well between the tunnel and scales, failed to
swing such a tremendous circle.
"Look here," said he to Follet, when they ar-
rived at Virginia, "where was the place where a
passenger in the rear car could hand a cigar to
the engineer."
"Why, one point was Mound House. There is
a good saloon there, and there is plenty of time
for any passenger to get a cigar and hand it to
the engineer."
Even an Englishman can appreciate a joke
sometimes. He treated all hands and acknowl-
edged the sell.—The Californian.

A PUZZLED HOTEL-KEEPER.

One of our Portland hotel-keepers was not long
since victimized in the following manner: A. B.
went to him and engaged board by the week at
\$10 per week. "Now," said A. B., "I may be
absent occasionally; what deduction will you
make for that?" "Fifty cents a meal and fifty
cents a lodging," replied the landlord. Time
wore on, and A. B. was sometimes there and
sometimes not. After a while the landlord pre-
sented a bill for three weeks' board, \$30. In a
short time A. B. appeared, with a counter-bill of
deduction for meals and lodging missed. Meals
eaten, three, \$1.50; lodging, seven, \$3.50; meals
missed sixty, \$30; lodgings missed, fourteen, \$7;
balance in favor of A. B., \$2. The landlord, of
course, was a little astonished at the result of
the reckoning, and therefore said not a word, for
the best reason, that he couldn't think of any-
thing that would do justice to the subject.
Whereupon A. B., to relieve the landlord's per-
plexity, remarked with cool urbanity: "Well,
never mind the \$2; I'll take it out in board."
The landlord couldn't see how to keep even with
such a boarder, and so the connection between
him and A. B. as landlord and boarder came to an
end.—Portland Oregonian.

The appetite of cross dogs should be cultivated
until they lose their taste for little children, even
if the dogs have to be clubbed to death.—New
Haven Register.

Every human being carries his life in his face.
On our features the fine chisels of thought and
emotion are eternally at work.

DISTORTED RELATIONSHIP.

He was a husky-voiced and very inaudible
man, but he was deeply in earnest when he un-
wound the cotton handkerchief from his neck
yesterday, and said to the magistrate in the
Tomb Court, "I want my Lillie sent up."
"What has she been doing?" asked his Honor.
"Bin actin' mean, very mean. Forgets I'm a
husband and a father, and oughter hev my fam-
ily's respect. See!"
"Has she been in any reformatory institution
before?"
"I guess not. Lillie's not strong on the reform,
and none of 'em would do her a powerful heap o'
good ennyhow."
"You shouldn't give her up so quickly," said
the magistrate; "little girls will be little girls."
"But she ain't little, Lillie ain't, and she kin
wollop any one of her inches on our block."
"Evidently a little wild and head-strong,"
soothingly muttered the magistrate. "She can't
be positively wicked."
"She can't, eh?" said the applicant, and he
brushed back his hair. "See that scar? She did
that with a soup-ladle." Then he lifted his sleeve,
"See that un? 'Twas the saucer lid she dug
that one out with." He pointed to a yellowish
patch under his left eye. "She used a rolling-pin
to do that."
"Phew! She must be a dreadful child. Why
haven't you corrected her?"
The applicant looked bewildered.
"I tell you, judge," he said, "it takes a man
with grit and muscle to correct Lillie. When she
gets busting around on our premises, most people
hev to light out."
"Have you tried advice?"
"Yes, I have, and a barrel stove; but nothing
short of a cart-rung would touch her."
"She must be vicious."
"She is; but I wouldn't mind that if she didn't
get drunk so often."
"Drunk! Does she drink?"
"Like a fish. She can stow away more light-
ning in less time than any being in the livin'
business that I ever stacked up against."
"This is dreadful."
"But her strong suit is cussin'. When Lillie
gets in a scoldin' condition there ain't enny one
in the diggins cares about facin' her. She swears
longer, stronger, and tougher than a pilot in a
sea fog."
"She must be a terror."
"She is. You oughter see her swing a wash-
board last week when a neighbor she didn't like
came in. She'd have chawed the woman's ear off
only her teeth's false, and they went back on her."
"My gracious! Does she go to school?"
Again the applicant looked perplexed.
"Go to school?" he asked.
"Yes; how old is she?"
"Well, there you have me. Lillie's age is some-
thin' I've never got onto."
"What! don't you know your own daughter's
age?"
"Darter!" said the applicant, and the puzzled
expression passed away. "Darter! Why, judge,
Lillie's my wife."
A summons was granted.—New York Herald.

TALL MEN OR A TALL STORY.

Professor Silliman, in a lecture delivered some
time ago, spoke of giant skeletons which have
been exhumed at different times. If they were
specimens of the men of olden time, man has
woefully degenerated. One brought from Arabia
to Rome in the reign of Claudius Caesar, was ten
feet high. One slain in the time of Charlemagne
measured twenty-eight feet in height. Those,
however, were so far back that we might be ex-
cused for doubting the word of the historian.
But as late as 1850 a skeleton was found in
Rouen measuring nineteen feet, and whose skull
held a bushel of corn. In 1814—within the
memory of our fathers—was found the tomb of
the giant Isorant, who was thirty feet high. In
1823, near the castle Dauphine, a tomb was found
on which was carved "Kintolochus Rex." The
skeleton within was entire, and measured twenty-
five feet in length, and ten across the chest. The
professor, who is no Munchausen, gives these as
facts. Why did the past have all the giants, and
we none?—for our seven or eight feet men, whom
we (or Barnum) dignify with the name of "giants,"
are dwarfs beside these French skeletons, if the
measurements are given in sober earnest.

THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS.

In the neighborhood of Syracuse, in Sicily, is a
cave of great depth, which is said to have been
built by Dionysius the Elder, a tyrant, or usurper,
who was born about B. C. 430, and died in the
sixty-third year of his age, and the thirty-ninth
of his rule. The cave was two hundred and fifty
feet long and eighteen feet high. It was fash-
ioned in the form of a human ear, and the faint-
est sounds were carried from all parts to a central
chamber, which corresponded to the tympanum
or drum of the ear. In this remarkable whisper-
ing gallery Dionysius imprisoned all who were
the objects of his suspicions, while he himself was
in the habit of passing entire days in the inner-
most chamber, listening to the conversation of
his victims, in order that he might ascertain for
himself who were really his enemies. Ancient
writers tell us that the workmen who constructed
the cavern were put to death to prevent them
divulging the use to which it was to be put, and
that whole families were sometimes confined in
it at once. Modern travelers relate that, even at
the present day, notwithstanding the changes
which have been wrought by time, the echo is
such that the tearing of a sheet paper at the en-
trance can be distinctly heard in the remotest
part. Pieces of iron and lead have been found
in making excavations, and they are thought to be
the remains of the chains and staples by which
the prisoners were confined.

HE COULD NOT BEAR SO MANY.

A citizen named John Worth, who had been
hunting in the vicinity of Fort McKinney, Wyom-
ing Ter., for some time, was brought into the
Post Hospital on the 20th inst., having been at-
tacked by nine bears about sixty miles from there.
He was at once placed under the skillful treat-
ment of the Post Surgeon (A. A. Surg. Barnitz,
U. S. A.), and is at present able to be out. He
was badly bruised and bitten by the bears, and
will always bear scars for his adventure.

LITERAL ANSWERS.

A lady noticed a boy sprinkling salt on the
sidewalk to take off the ice, and remarked to a
friend, pointing to the salt:
"Now, that's benevolence."
"No it ain't," said the boy, somewhat indignant,
"it's salt."
So when the lady asked her servant girl if the
hired man cleaned off the snow with alacrity, she
replied:
"No, ma'am, he used a shovel."
The same literal turn of mind which we have
been illustrating is sometimes used intentionally,
and perhaps a little maliciously, and thus be-
comes the property of wit instead of blunders.
Thus we hear of a very polite and impressive
gentleman who said to a youth in the street:
"Boy, may I enquire where Robinson's drug
store is?"
"Certainly, sir," replied the boy, very respect-
fully.
"Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting
awhile, "where is it?"
"I have not the least idea, yer honor," said the
urchin.
There was another boy who was accosted by an
ascetic middle-aged lady with:
"Boy, I want to go to Dover street."
"Well, ma'am," said the boy, "why don't you
go then?"
One day at Lake George, a party of gentlemen
strolling among the beautiful islands on the lake,
with bad luck, espied a little fellow with a red
shirt and a straw hat, dangle a line over the
side of a boat.
"Hello, boy," said one of them, "what are you
doing?"
"Fishing," came the answer.
"Well, of course," said the gentleman, "but
what do you catch?"
"Fish, you fool; what do you s'pose."
"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?"
inquired a teacher of an infant class.
"I have," exclaimed one.
"Where?" asked the teacher.
"On the elephant," said the boy, laughing.
Sometimes this sort of wit degenerates or rises,
as the case may be, into punning, as when Flora
pointed pensively to the heavy masses of clouds
in the sky, saying:
"I wonder where those clouds are going?" and
her brother replied:
"I think they are going to thunder."
Also the following dialogue:
"Hallo, there! how do you sell your wood?"
"By the cord."
"How long has it been cut?"
"Four feet."
"I mean how long has it been since you cut
it?"
"No longer than it is now."
And also when Patrick O'Flynn was seen with
his collar and bosom badly begrimed, and was
indignantly asked by his officer:
"Patrick O'Flynn! how long do you wear a
shirt?"
"Twenty-eight inches, sir."
This reminds me of an instance which is said
to have occurred recently in Chatham street,
New York, where a countryman was clamorously
besieged by a shop-keeper.
"Have you any fine shirts?" said the country-
man.
"A splendid assortment. Step in, sir. Every
price and every style. The cheapest in the mar-
ket, sir."
"Are they clean?"
"To be sure, sir."
"Then," said the countryman, with great grav-
ity, "you had better put on one, for you need it."

NOT LIKE AMERICANS.

The other day, in Kensington Gardens, London,
fifty "strongly-built and well-dressed English-
men" stood around the "basin" and "deliberately
watched a little girl of four years down in two
feet of water." So says the *Paul Moll Gazette*,
which is moved to astonishment and disgust at
the disgraceful circumstances. The only reason
the *Gazette* can find for this cruel inaction was
that the men did not care to "wet their boots."
A dog did the best he could, but was unable to
get the child out.

WISE SAYINGS.

The love principle is stronger than the force
principle.—Dr. A. A. Hodge.

The aristocracy of mind and heart is the only
aristocracy that none wish to destroy.

The flowers within our reach we tread down
without so much as even looking at them; the
tiny exotic, which is far less beautiful, we covet,
because it is difficult of attainment.

Better be in shame now than at the day of
judgment.—Mohammed.

Nothing is a greater sacrifice than to prostitute
the great name of God to the petulance of an
idle tongue.—Jeremy Taylor.

Life is like a pack of cards. Childhood's best
cards are hearts; youth is captured by diamonds;
middle age is conquered with a club, while old
age is raked in by the insatiable spade.

There is nothing in the way of wisdom, which
is to be obtained in any of the books of the old
languages, which at this moment may not be
equally attained in the books of our own litera-
ture.—John Bright.

The true pilot is the man who navigates the
bed of the ocean even more than its surface.—
Victor Hugo.

Architecture is a hand-maid of devotion. A
beautiful church is a sermon in stone, and its
spire a finger to Heaven.—Schaff.

A man's daily conduct prevails to stamp his
character with the impression of truth. Quietly
does the clear light, shining day after day, refute
the ignorant surmise or malicious tale which has
thrown dirt on a pure character.

There is nothing so sad as happiness to the
sight of the unhappy.

Novelties please less than they impress.—
Dickens.

I conquer provinces, but Josephine wins
hearts.—Napoleon.

There is a past which is gone forever; but
there is a future which is still our own.—
F. W. Robertson.

When fish are rare, even a crab is a fish.

NAPOLEON AND THE LETTER M.

Marbeuf was the first to recognize the genius
of Napoleon at the military school. Marengo
was the first battle gained by General Bonaparte,
and Melas opened the way in Italy. Mortier
was one of his first generals; Moreau betrayed
him, and Marat was the first martyr to his cause.
Maria Louise shared his high destiny with him.
Moscow was the crowning disaster of his life.
Metternich vanquished him in diplomacy. Six
of his marshals—Massena, Mortier, Marmont,
Macdonald, Murat, Monev, and twenty-six of his
division generals bore names commencing with
the letter M. Marat, Duke of Bassano, was the
counselor in whom he most confided. His first
great battle was that of Montenotte, his last that
of Mont St. Jean. He gained the battles of
Millesimo, Montmirail, and Montereau, and then
came the assault of Montmartre. Milan was the
first enemy's capital and Moscow the last that
he entered victorious. He lost Egypt by the
fault of Menon, and employed Miollis to make
Pope Pius VII prisoner. Mallet conspired against
him. Murat was the first to abandon him; then
Marmont. He had for his ministers Marat,
Montalivet, and Mallien. His first chamberlain
was Montesquieu, and his last resort was Mal-
maison. He surrendered himself to Captain
Maitland, of the Bellerophon, and had Montho-
lon for companion at St. Helena, and Marchand
for valet.

The same letter predominates in the history of
his nephew, Napoleon III; and it is said that
the captive of Wilhelmshohe attached more im-
portance to it than did his uncle. The Empress,
his wife, was Countess of Montijo, and his greatest
friend was Morny. The capture of Malakoff and
the Mamelou-Vert were the principal exploits of
the Crimean war which were especially due to
the French. His plan in the Italian campaign
was to open the first battle at Marengo, but it
did not take place until after the engagements
of Montebello and Magenta. McMahon received
for the important services rendered in that battle
the title of Duke of Magenta, as Pelissier for a
similar service obtained that of Duke of Malakoff.
Napoleon III made his entry at Milan, and re-
pulsed the Austrians from Marignano. After the
terrible battle of Solferino he came before
the walls of Mentone. Subsequent to 1869 the
letter M seems to have been for him an un-
fortunate omen. Not to mention Mexico and
Maximilian, and beginning with the Anglo-Prus-
sian war, in which he placed vain hopes in three
M's—Marshal McMahon, the Count of Monta-
uban, and the Mitrailense. Mayence was in-
tended to be the base of operations of the French,
but, driven first to the Moselle, their fate was
decided on the Meuse, at Sedan. All these dis-
asters are due to another M, and this is the
capital M—Moltke.—Transcript.

PRETTY WELL ACQUAINTED.

"Are you acquainted with this lady?" asked a
Little Rock lawyer of a witness in court.
"Yes, I used to know her pretty well, but I've
lost track of her for several years."
"Were you intimately acquainted with her?"
"Can't say that I was so powerful intimate.
Bout as intimate as two people ought to be."
"You visited her at one time didn't you?" and
the lawyer, who in a sly way was trying to im-
peach the character of the woman, looked at the
jury and winked.
"Well, she used to come to my house occasion-
ally."
"Will you allow me to ask," and again he
looked at the jury, "whether or not this woman
visited you in the day time or at night?"
"Sometimes she would come in the day-time
and stay all night."
"Would there be any one else in the house?"
"Not usually."
"That settles it. Gentlemen, you observe that
this woman—"
"Hold on a minute," said the witness, "there's
one other fact that you should know before you
are too hard on the woman."
"What is that sir?"
"Nothing much; only she used to be my wife."
—Little Rock Gazette.

HE KNEW WHEN TO QUIT.

Stock speculators know the chances of their
being ultimately ruined are as ten to one. But
the possibility of making money by lucky ven-
tures appeals to their gambling instinct, and so
they go on speculating with a determination to
stop at the right time. But few ever find the
right time, unless it sounds loudly, as in the fol-
lowing case: "I think I may be excused for a
little show of pride in saying that I knew when
to stop speculating and quit Wall street," he ob-
served as an elevated train carried them over
that great thoroughfare. "So you used to specu-
late, eh?" "Yes; I was on the street for seven
years." "Made your pile, I suppose?" "Yes;
I made and lost money the same as the rest. At
one time I could draw my check for \$93,000, and
that isn't bad for a man who went into Wall
street with only \$40 in his pocket." "And you
knew when to quit?" "Yes, sir." "That was
when—when?" "That was when I had enough
left to pay my fare to Elmira and hire a boy to
carry my satchel up to my father-in-law's house."
—Cleveland Herald.

A DOMESTIC IDYL.

She put the paper in the stove
And laid the wood upon it;
Then she put on her summer shawl,
Likewise her big sun-bonnet.

A can she grasped in her fair hand
And forth, with modest mien,
She tripped to hang the grocery up
For a quart of kerosene.

Anon returning to the house,
She lifted up the can
And held its nozzle o'er the wood,
While forth the liquid ran.

And now her fingers grasped the match—
And struck it? Not so green.
First in the wood-shed she bestowed
That can of kerosene.

And then the match she struck. The wood
At once was in a flame;
The kettle sang, the steak was cooked
Before her husband came.

And is that all? Of course it is,
What further would you know, man?
I merely wished to show to you
A level-headed woman.

CLAIMS! CLAIMS!

This Claim House Estab-
lished in 1865!GEORGE E. LEMON,
Attorney-at-Law,

OFFICES, 615 FIFTEENTH ST., (Citizens' National Bank.)
WASHINGTON, D. C.

P. O. DRAWER 325.

Pensions.

If wounded, injured, or have contracted any disease,
however slight the disability, apply at once. Thousands
entitled.

Heirs.

Widows, minor children, dependent mothers, fathers,
and minor brothers and sisters, in the order named, are
entitled.

War of 1812.

All surviving officers and soldiers of this war, whether
in the Military or Naval service of the United States, who
served fourteen (14) days; or, if in a battle or skirmish,
for a less period, and the widows of such who have not
remarried, are entitled to a pension of eight dollars a
month. Proof of loyalty is no longer required in these
claims.

Increase of Pensions.

Pension laws are more liberal now than formerly, and
many are now entitled to a higher rate than they receive.

From and after January, 1881, I shall make no charges
for my services in claims for increase of pension, where no
new disability is alleged, unless successful in procuring
the increase.

Restoration to Pension Roll.

Pensioners who have been unjustly dropped from the
pension roll, or whose names have been stricken there-
from by reason of failure to draw their pension for a pe-
riod of three years, or by reason of re-enlistment, may
have their pensions renewed by corresponding with this
house.

Desertion

from one regiment or vessel and enlistment in another,
is not a bar to pension in cases where the wound, disease,
or injury was incurred while in the service of the United
States, and in the line of duty.

Land Warrants.

Survivors of all wars from 1790, to March 3, 1855, and
certain heirs are entitled to one hundred and sixty acres
of land, if not already received. Soldiers of the late war
not entitled.

Land warrants purchased for cash at the highest mar-
ket rates, and assignments perfected.

Correspondence invited.

Prisoners of War.

Ration money promptly collected.

Furlough Rations.

Amounts due collected without unnecessary delay.
Such claims cannot be collected without the furlough.

Horses Lost in Service.

Claims of this character promptly attended to. Many
claims of this character have been erroneously rejected.
Correspondence in such cases is respectfully invited.

Bounty and Pay.

Collections promptly made.

Property taken by the Army in States
not in Insurrection.

Claims of this character will receive special attention,
provided they were filed before January 1, 1880. If not
filed prior to that date they are barred by statute of limita-
tion.

In addition to the above we prosecute Military and
Naval claims of every description, including Patents, Trade-
Marks, Copyrights, attend to business before the General
Land Office and other Bureaus of the Interior Depart-
ment, and all the Departments of the Government.

We invite correspondence from all interested, assuring
them of the utmost promptitude and efficiency, and thorow-
ness in all matters entrusted to our hands.

GEORGE E. LEMON.

REFERENCES.

As this may reach the hands of some persons unac-
quainted with this House, we append hereto, as speci-
mens of the testimonials in our possession, copies of let-
ters from several gentlemen of Political and Military
distinction, and widely known throughout the United
States:

BELVIDERE, ILL., October 24, 1875.

I take great pleasure in recommending Captain GEORGE
E. LEMON, now of Washington, D. C., to all persons who
may have claims to settle or other business to prosecute
before the Departments at Washington. I know him to
be thoroughly qualified, well acquainted with the laws,
and with Department rules in all matters growing out
of the late war, especially in the Paymaster's and Quar-
termaster's Offices. I have had occasion to employ him
for friends of mine, also, in the soliciting of Patents, and
have found him very active, well-informed and success-
ful. As a gallant officer during the war, and an hon-
orable and successful practitioner, I recommend him
strongly to all who may need his services.

S. A. HURLBUT, M. C.,

Fourth Congressional District, Illinois.

Late Major-General, U. S. Vols.

CITIZENS' NATIONAL BANK,

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 17, 1879.

Captain GEORGE E. LEMON, attorney and agent for the
collection of war claims at Washington city is a thor-
ough, able, and exceedingly well-informed man of busi-
ness, of high character, and entirely responsible. I be-
lieve that the interests of all having war claims requiring
adjustment cannot be confided to safer hands.

JNO. A. J. CRESWELL,

President,

W. F. LEACH,

Secretary.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 1, 1878.

From several years' acquaintance with Captain GEORGE
E. LEMON of this city, I cheerfully commend him as a
gentleman of integrity and worth, and well qualified to
attend to the collection of Bounty and other claims
against the Government. His experience in that line
give him superior advantages.

W. P. SPRAGUE, M. C.,

Fourth Congressional District of Ohio,

JAS. D. STEWART, M. C.,

Thirteenth District of Pennsylvania,

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 1, 1878.

We, the undersigned, having an acquaintance with
Captain GEORGE E. LEMON for the past few years, and a
knowledge of the systematic manner in which he con-
ducts his extensive business and of his reliability for fair
and honorable dealings connected therewith, cheerfully
commend him to claimants generally.

A. V. RICE, Chairman,

Committee on Invalid Pensions, House Reps.

W. F. SLEMONS, M. C.,

Second District of Ark.

W. P. LYNDE, M. C.,

Fourth District of Wis.

R. W. TOWNSEND, M. C.,

Nineteenth District of Ill.

Any person desiring information as to my stand-
ing and responsibility will, on request, be furnished with
a satisfactory reference in his vicinity or Congressional
District.

ORIGIN OF "A FEATHER IN HIS CAP."

Among the manuscripts of the British Museum,
says an English writer, there are two copies of a
curious description of Hungary, which appears to
have been written by a military adventurer of the
Dalgetty tribe, in 1598. This writer, speaking of
the inhabitants, whom he describes "of stature
and complexion not unlike the poor Irish," says:
"It hath been an ancient custom amongst them,
that none should wear a feather but he who had
killed a Turk, to whom it was lawful to show the
number he had killed by the number of feathers
in his cap!" Does not this account for the ex-
pression, "That will be a feather in his cap!"